HAWAIIAN DAYS
and HOLIDAYS and DAYS of LONG AGO

MARY DILLINGHAM FREAR
Illustrated by
Jessie Shaw Fisher

Hawaii 2d

Perhaps Son will like
Something in this book—

Mary Dillingham Frear

HAWAIIAN DAYS AND HOLIDAYS AND DAYS OF LONG AGO

Hawaiian Days and Holidays and Days of Long Ago

By

MARY DILLINGHAM FREAR

Author of
"The Cocoa Palm and Other Songs for Children"
"My Islands"

Illustrated by

JESSIE SHAW FISHER

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A few of these verses appeared first in "A Christmas Lei" by M. D. F., now out of print. A few others are reprinted, by courtesy, from "The Friend."

To

E. W. W.

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Days and Holidays. I.

First of January

GOD make you center-true as stars of night,
Joyous as dawn aflame on every height,
Gentle as rain that falls through shimmering light.

God make you pure as is the sunlight pure,
Patient as wind-swept hill-tops that endure,
Peaceful as forest solitudes secure.

God make you brave as the first flower to blow
Above a devastating lava flow;
Faithful as fruits that times and seasons know.

God make you strong as rootlets of the palm,
Kind as the eucalyptus' healing balm,
Attuned to life and love and God as ocean's
rhythmic psalm.

Fourteenth of February

That you my face may never quite forget,
Here's mignonette.
That somewhere, anywhere, you'll love me yet,
Here's violet.
Let lavender breathe of home across the sea,
And rosemary, remembrance bring of me!

February Forecast

HERE is no "winter of our discontent."
Its flooding rains with balmiest breezes blent
Are welcome to the springs deep-hid in earth,
And urge the pageantry of bloom to birth.
Shout, for Venusta blows her buds of brass!
Hail, Jacaranda, strewing sky on grass
Oe'r which the gladsome vernal troop will pass!

First, Cassia Grandis, pink buds wrapped in fur;
Cassia Nodosa, following close to her,
Daintiest of bridesmaids blushing in a bower,
Comes hand in hand with fragrant Golden Shower.

By and by will Flame Flowers burn all thoughts of rain
When Scarlet Poinciana leads forth her royal train
On to fall and summer's matchless court of night
When the moon-fed Cereus enchants our wondering sight.

Then away with sighs and all forebodings drear
For day by day in glad surprise Beauty fills the year.

March Morning

Good morning!
What's the best you know?
The Trade Wind's blowing.
Ah! That's worth knowing;
The sultry South has done its worst
And with weariness accursed
Our all too common sluggishness.
Now blest, thrice blest
The gallant Trade,
The best wind ever made,
That rids the mind of slavish discontent,
That spreads the wings of soul,
That clears the road to goal.

The Trade is blowing,
And with it we are going,
Glad to go!
That's the best I know,
Good morning!

Third of March

Japanese Girls' Day

All her brothers, fishes fly.
But hark, a tender lullaby
Every Nippon daughter sings,
While her mother gently brings
Dolls of many a day gone by.
For the Orient maiden shy,
Differing from the Western maid,
Prizes dollies old and staid;
These, in solemn state arrayed,
Celebrate her calling high,
Little mother. By and by
Little great-grandmother? Aye.
Thus your daughter or your niece,
If, perhaps, she's Japanese,
Adding dignity to play,
Honors the ancient natal day.

GOSSAMER

Gossamer wing of a butterfly!
Gossamer mind of a child!
How they gaily flutter by,
Pleasurely beguiled.
Leisurely and wild
Gossamer, yes, gossamer!

Gossamer wing is a marvellous thing!
Gossamer mind of a child!
Wonder passing earth they bring,
Glory of star
Glimmering far,
Gossamer, yes, gossamer!

Hold your breath from gossamer wing;
Hold your hand from the child!
Catch the radiance they fling,
Luring, fleeting, mild,
Pure and undefiled,
Gossamer, yes, gossamer!

Betrothal

I've galloped through the bloom at dawn;
The high-bushed dew has wet my feet;
My horse has cropped the grasses sweet.
The frenzied fears of night are gone,
Gone before the flame of flowers
Lighting misty, cobwebbed ways;
Gone before the rainbowed hours
Heralding this day of days,—
For my answer shall be given
And its echoes ring in Heaven!

Kite Day

A kite may be a kite, a toy,
But a kite may be the soul of a boy!
When winds are ripe for fruits of soul
Over the hills and the rolling bowl
Of a school we know
Where the trade winds blow
Wondrously, thund'rously,
Or mild and low,
As becomes Mother Nature, dear old dame,
When she's a lady deserving the name,
Over the hills the holiday
That takes its name from the game they play,
Kite Day, soars in the minds of all
Who hasten to answer its happy call.
Every invention under the sun
And birds, beasts, butterflies, every one
That you can imagine and that you can't
Here are given the upward slant
Toward victory in the playground-sky.
I can't describe it, no, not I.
But the kites they fly are not mere toys,
The kites they fly are the souls of boys!

A Lenten Thought

Hast thou a cloistered pave within thy soul,
Wherein from man apart with accent firm,
Step after step thou walkest with thy God?
And, carved upon thy fleshly tableture,
Is there a Form Divine to pattern thine?

An Easter Meditation

Our Lord had other gardens;
Eden, beyond compare,
With stately trees, with friendly beasts,
With rivers flowing fair.
(Alack for those o'er-stepping bounds
To find a desert bare!)

The Garden of Gethsemane!
Fragrant the moonlit air,
But bitter the herbs of loneliness
And bitterer despair
With longings vain for loyalty,
A plant that bloomed not there.

The Garden of Easter Morning
Where He was crowned with peace,
A wreath of heart's devotion,
Faith, hope, and grief's surcease!
There one whose name was named by Him
Blossomed in soul-release.

AND DAYS OF LONG AGO

That dew-bright Easter Garden
Shines like the Morning Star
Across the sins of centuries
Undimmed although so far;
Lighting with love the feet of faith
To where His "mansions" are.

Lo, here among the palm-leaves
Our Isle has flung a spire,
A slender bud of beauty
Pointing higher, higher,
A lifted torch awaiting light
From Heaven's altar fire!

Make this, our long-loved garden,
Thy garden, O our Lord;
An Eden come again to men
Without a flaming sword;
Where Heaven shall heal Earth's sorrow;
Where, risen, Thou art adored!

Fifth of May

Japanese Boys' Day

The flying fish you find at sea
Are all as blue as blue can be.
They swim, they flash and upward spring,
Entranced, upon a silvery wing;
They fly, they almost seem to sing,
So glad they are to be.

But once a year upon the land
Come flying fish, a giant band.
They're red and black and white of hue.
You'd laugh to see the tricks they do!
Fast to a pole, as if with glue,
They dance a saraband.

They fill themselves brimful of air
(For wind they have a perfect flair)
And billowing, bellying they fly,
Swooping low and sailing high.
Though all the sea they have is sky,
For that they've not a care.

They celebrate the natal day
For every boy. Though light and gay,
The best in life they symbolize,
Holding aloft the noblest prize,
Youth's triumph over earth and skies.
This is the fifth of May.

Mother's Day

Deep is the wisdom of her mother eyes;
Loving and strong her mother arms enfold.
Can Earth or Heaven loose her spirit-hold?
Can life or death e'er make her otherwise?

Thirtieth of May

"There will be time for Grief," she said,
"When Love is dead.
But now though, racked in soul,
My world swings blind and dumb
From pole to pole,
Love lives and gives commands.
Imperious, Love's demands!
Go, Grief! Your time may come
When Love is dead."

Eleventh of June

Kamehameha Day

Helmeted bronze in the city square,
The Great Kamehameha stands.
His Royal Spirit still commands.
He beckons to us there.
Come hither, children of the sea,
Learn wisdom, learn nobility
And courage to brave life's deepest wave.
Aspire to do and dare.
No height attainable call high;
The palm-tree's goal is the unreached sky.

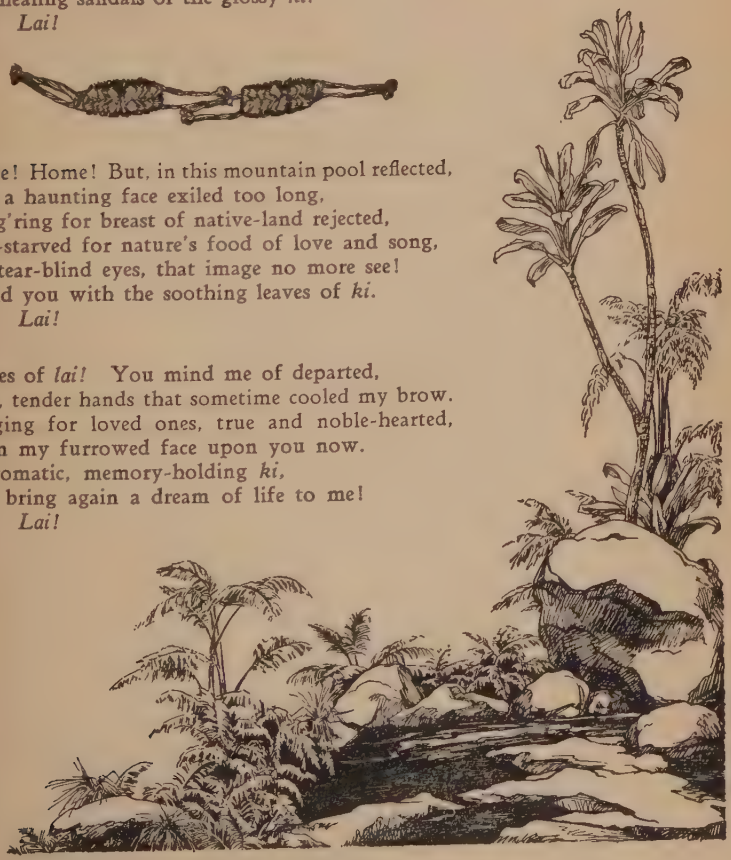
Days of Long Ago.

The Return of the *Kamaaina*

Too long the lure of foreign shore, enslaving,
Has chained my homesick feet beyond the deep.
Now lying by home-waters, cool and laving,
While purring sea-winds promise rest and sleep,
I weave the only fetters that can free,
The healing sandals of the glossy *ki*.
Lai! Lai!

Home! Home! But, in this mountain pool reflected,
I see a haunting face exiled too long,
Hung'ring for breast of native-land rejected,
Soul-starved for nature's food of love and song,
Oh, tear-blind eyes, that image no more see!
I bind you with the soothing leaves of *ki*.
Lai! Lai!

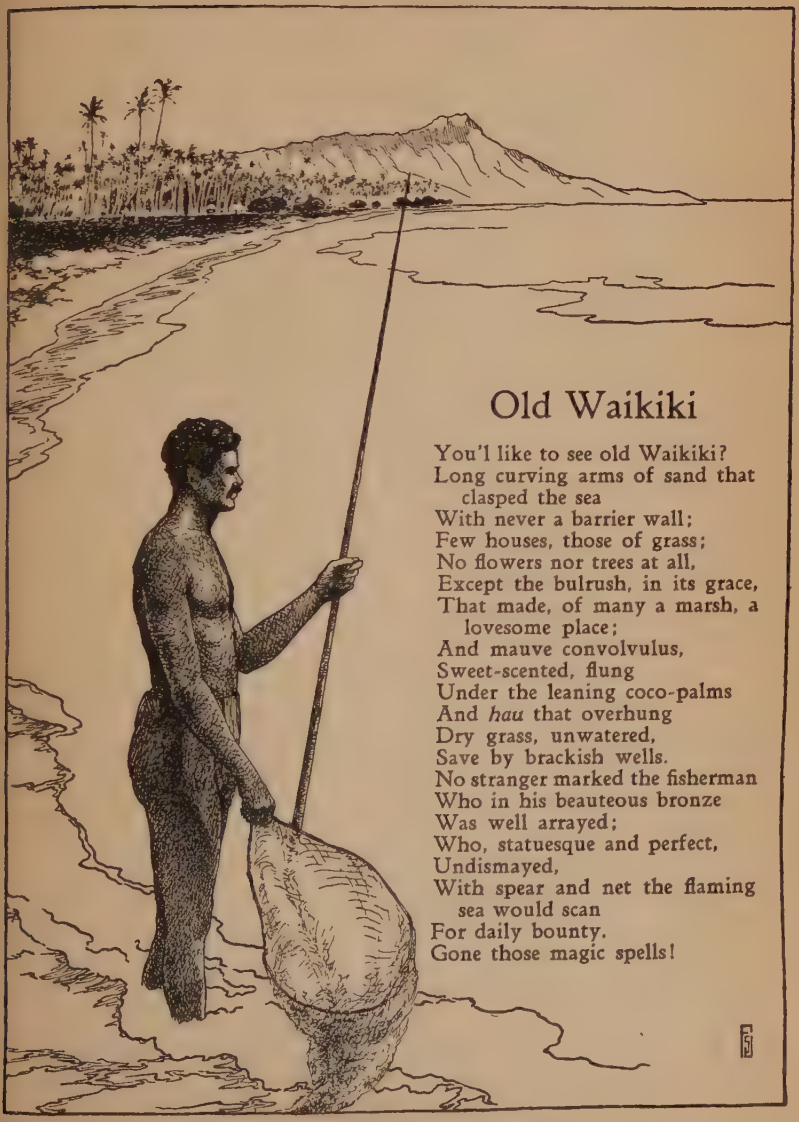
Leaves of *lai!* You mind me of departed,
Dear, tender hands that sometime cooled my brow.
Longing for loved ones, true and noble-hearted,
I lean my furrowed face upon you now.
O aromatic, memory-holding *ki*,
You bring again a dream of life to me!
Lai! Lai!



Remembrance

There I drank deep draughts of beauty,
Sea and mountain, changeful sky,
For the drought I knew'd be coming,
Surely coming by and by.
There I steeped my soul in color
Till my heart ran o'er its rim,
And, leaping through the rainbows,
Plunged in radiance to swim.

Now 'twill last me, keep me living
Through a year of drudging days,
Through a year of gray, grim duty;
Memory's beauty, color, haze!
Dullard though I be, I'll waken
At remembrance of the sea,
And the sky-line of the mountains
It will lift and strengthen me!



Old Waikiki

You'l like to see old Waikiki?
Long curving arms of sand that clasped the sea
With never a barrier wall;
Few houses, those of grass;
No flowers nor trees at all,
Except the bulrush, in its grace,
That made, of many a marsh, a lovesome place;
And mauve convolvulus,
Sweet-scented, flung
Under the leaning coco-palms
And *hau* that overhung
Dry grass, unwatered,
Save by brackish wells.
No stranger marked the fisherman
Who in his beauteous bronze
Was well arrayed;
Who, statuesque and perfect,
Undismayed,
With spear and net the flaming sea would scan
For daily bounty.
Gone those magic spells!

Palapalai

Do you remember *palapalai*
In the woods knee-high, in the days gone by?
Where now, pray, that fragrant *lei*
That crowned and wreathed each holiday?
The way of all things, gone that way?
Honohono, the blue-eyed grass,
Flowered like the eyes of your lad and lass,
Has crowded it out. Let your memory pass
But mine will enshrine *palapalai.*

Sledding

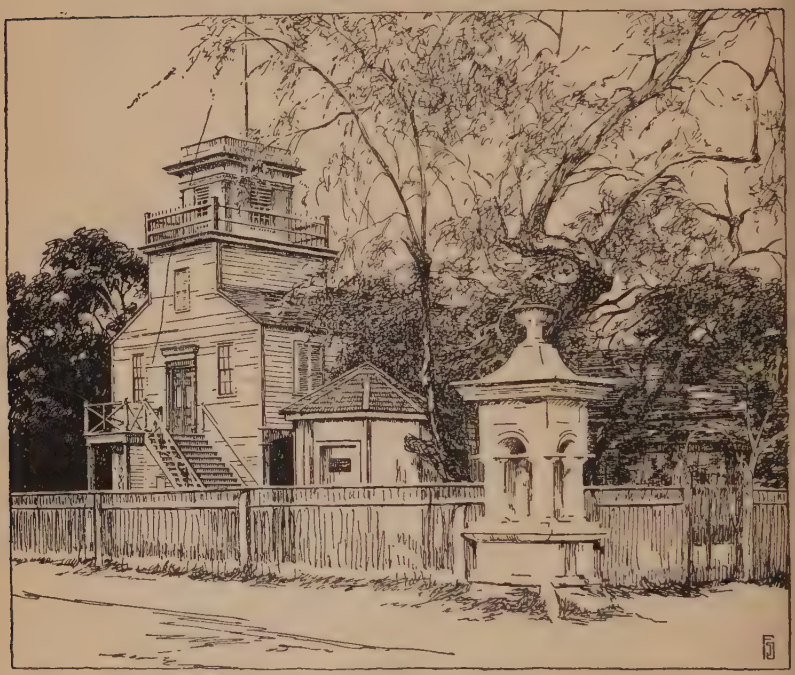
A push, another, a slide, a whir,
The finest sleds in the world they were!
Down the hill of slippery grass
On palm leaves! A pommel holds our feet.
The swish of our comet-tail is sweet
To our ears as swift and swifter we pass.
No sled like a leaf! No hill like grass!

Red Tassels

No canterbury bells of blue
We children had.
But tassels of a scarlet hue,
Like the bell-pulls our grandmothers knew.
Deep in the meadow grass,
Where linnets sang, they grew.
The "meadow" is the grave-yard, new
In our day,
Now enlarged and crowded too;
So many folk have died that few
Of our day live.
But tassel weeds and linnets, gone from view,
Still in our memories
Sing and dance as once they used to do!

Before the Mynah Came

A pain-provoking memory!
Before the mynah came
Gathering caterpillars
Was a favorite game.
Manienie grass grew up to our knees
And the army worms cut it
Just as they might please
Unless we children
In enemy bands
Gathered and bottled them
With our hands!
You shudder!
Another fascinating foe
Was the grasshopper sitting
Row upon row
On the fence surrounding
Our garden new.
Beheading these, both work and fun!
Now, of course, it isn't done,
And children's little earning chores
Are thwarted by the mynahs' scores.



The Old Bethel

And Its Chaplain, S. C. D.

Trailing, dusky wings of years,
Towering clouds of lime-white smoke,
(For the angel of death through fire spoke)
Gentle mist of welling tears—

Alas, they blur the picture we would trace,
But not forgot
Is that hallowed spot,
Coral chapel in grassy plot,
And the fountain flowing freely in the little corner space.

Seaman, wanderer (brothers all),
Beachcomber, whaler, homesick lad,
Ne'er-do-well, good, indifferent, bad,—
Memory echoes the cheery call,
"Come, Boys, I say, to old Bethel with me!"
The Stranger's Friend!
How did it end?
How far will a pebble its ripples send,
Dropping, dropping softly, in yon blue and purple sea?

To the Roman Catholic Cathedral

Your rarest beauty in the days a-gone
The shadows, playing on your time-stained face
At setting sun or when the moonlight shone,
Cast by twin date-palms in their stately grace
Growing beside your portal. Nevermore
Those shadows fall. Instead, the noisy pave
Bordering on the traffic-crowded street.
I turn to Memory's silent, sacred nave,
Seeking retreat.

At Waikiki

Palm-shadow, arching leaf,
  Sighing of pine;
From wind-swept, moss-grown reef,
  The smell of brine;
Through grey-green feath'ry groves
  Glint of the sea;—
There, there my fancy roves
  At Waikiki.

Hull of abandoned bark,
  Spectre of glee;
Surf-riders' laughter, hark!
  How strong and free!
Mem'ries just out of reach,
  Slow curves of pain—
Ah, no, 'tis but the beach
  Clasping the main!

Under the arching palm
  Tides ebb and flow.
Under an outward calm
  Hearts suffer so,

Yearn like the shore in vain
  At last to be
All taken back again,
  One with the sea.

Children launch brave canoes,
  Gather pink shells.
Some find that corals bruise,
  Some dig them wells,
Wells flowing magic streams.
  Ah, let them be;
Let me but live in dreams
  At Waikiki.

Days and Holidays. II.

In a Summer Cabin

My little window peers from under eaves,
Its blind flung wide, its glass drawn tightly back,
Giving me light and air for body and soul,
Listening to the whispering of the leaves,
Blithe *koa* and the ironwood that grieves.
By day it cons the clouds, or white or black,
By night yearns toward the stars, a shining goal.

God bless you, little window under eaves,
And God forgive the vision that you lack!
Farther, look farther; list the great world's part.
Through you alone my eager eye receives;
Through you my mind in otherness believes.
Find me the lark's unseen, unfailing track,
And point that pathway to my cabined heart.

Fourth of July

Unfurl anew, be blessed anew
Old Glory!
Unrent, unstained,
O'er noble heights attained,
Wave on, till, old and hoary,
Our far, far off descendants hail thee,
Honored more than life;
Emblem of lawful liberty,
Of freedom not born of strife
But born of justice and love of men.
Oh, then to earth's remotest ken,
Blest be thy story!
And be thou still—Old Glory!

Labor Day

Yes, I believe He loved them, too,
The songs of saw and plane,
And the rhythmic ring of hammers;—
Perhaps they called again
From out the Nazareth workshop,
Where once He used to be,
As He sat or walked with fisher-folk
And gazed on Galilee.
Perhaps for loads of timber,
Not souls, His young arms yearned,
For labor that, accomplished,
Was accepted and not spurned.
Perhaps the love of building
Grasped His hands, that folded lay
Or gently gestured as He talked
About the Living Way—
Grasped them, made them fairly tingle
With the energy to build,
Until the house not made with hands
His earthly longings stilled,
Just as Galilean waves and fears
Were quiet when He willed.

O Thou, our Master-Builder,
In our grime and sweat and soil
Let us ever honour Thee as Thou
Didst ever honour toil.

An Old Man's Thanksgiving

I thank thee, Lord, for daily bread,
And aught thou sendest in its stead;
For early morning's bread and milk,
The laughing joy of all that ilk;
For strength of noon with bread and cheese,
For worth of work that comes with these.
'Tis sunset now. I need not dine,
I've bread of thought and life's old wine.
Before the night I thankful pray,
Nor ask thee for a better day.

Christmas Letters

I.

From a *Malihini* in Hawaii

Through the lure of the palm
Sweeps the sigh of the sea,
While memory murmurs the hymn of the pine.
Give me rigor for balm
For I'm longing to be
At your winter-bound hearth,
As in days of lang syne!

Christmas Letters

II.

From an Absent *Kamaaina*

Pictures I see in the frosted pane
And the miles by thousands melt away.
A thaw comes over my heart and brain;
I am back with you in yesterday.
Our spray-blown breakers curl and comb,
Warmly caressing the coral reef;
Our mountain thrush-song, thrilling with home,
Floods over the ring-dove's plaintive grief.
The sun shines always through our rain;
A perennial rainbow spans our sky;
I lean my cheek to yours—the pane
Is frosted. Afar and alone am I!

Christmas at Naminohana

We sighed—"No Christmas token
Can be our portion there
Where winds are summer-spoken
And every day is fair,
And snowflakes never flutter by;
Who wants a Christmas butterfly?

Sighing, we crossed the ocean
With tokens, far behind,
Of North winds in commotion,
Ice-sports and hearth-blaze kind.
We sat us on a slumbrous shore
And lotus-eaters were once more.

But through the tropic brightness
Blew boisterous breaths of balm;
The sea seethed up in whiteness,
Cutting the island calm.
All-tremulous, the trees obeyed
And of their leaves an offering made.

AND DAYS OF LONG AGO

We sat us on a grass like moss,
It was on Christmas Day,
When whirling, whirling soft as floss,
A snow-fall round us lay.
It truly was a snowy scene,
But all the snow was leaves of green!

A Christmas *Lei*

Flowers from our woods and gardens,
Woven with native grace,
Lavish of tropic perfume,
Symbol of love's embrace:

Hydrangea, skies of our summer,
Plumieria, stars of our night,
Roses, the blush of our Island dawn,
Ilima, the sunset bright,

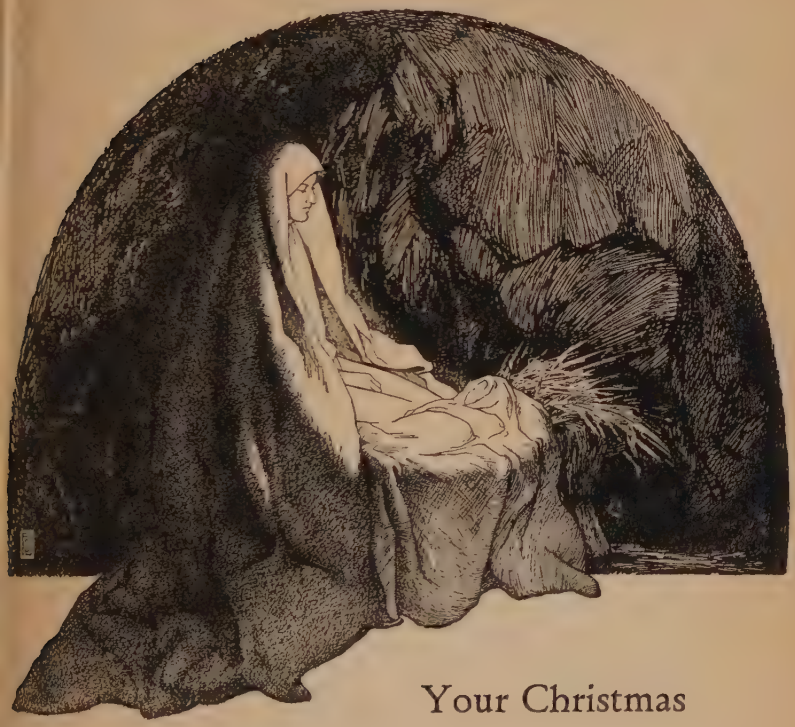
Ginger,—the breath of the mountains,
And *maile*—they all mean this,—
My Christmas *lei*, to you away,
With my love and a Christmas kiss!

Another Christmas *Lei*

I'm going to weave a Christmas *lei* for you,
To send across the ocean and the mountains.
Not red! I know your color's blue.
I'll gather wavelets, just the hue,
And spray of sea and fountains.
With golden threads of memory I'll wind them;
You can't unravel all the thoughts that bind them!
The hidden kisses—wonder if you'll find them
In the Christmas *lei* I'm going to weave for you!

Still Another Christmas *Lei*

Shall I lay a *lei* around you,
Or sing you a roundelay?
Shall I kiss you Christmas kisses
Because it's Christmas day?
If your answer make delay,
I will do it anyway;
Lay a little *lei* around you,
Kiss, and sing a roundelay!



Your Christmas

It is to you He comes today;
With you that He would stay.
Your manger-throne
May hold Him as your very own.
If, crowded out from many an inn,
He find your warmth within,
Then will He dwell
Forever, your Emanuel!

Christmas Evening

Cool of the stars at last,
After the glaring day.
Hurry and worry past,
Pray, Soul, pray.
Feel, Soul, the perfect whole,
Gazing on depthless blue;
Silent, find peace; O Soul,
Gather the dew!

The Great Holiday

If some day you do not find me
Searching hither, searching yon,
Maybe, sunset's gate behind me,
I'll have gone to meet the dawn!

Glossary

February Forecast.

Bignonia venusta — a vine with orange-colored, trumpet-shaped flowers.
Jacaranda ovalifolia—tree with purplish-blue flowers.
Golden Shower—tree Cassia fistula.
Flame Flowers—Poinciana regia.
Night-blooming Cereus—Cereus triangularis.

Kite Day.

An annual event at the international Mills School for Boys, a part of the Mid-Pacific Institute of Honolulu.

Fifth of May.

Is celebrated as the collective birthday of sons by thousands of Japanese resident in Hawaii. The carp is a symbol of noble achievement.

Eleventh of June.

The birthday of Kamehameha the First who united the island group into the Hawaiian Kingdom.

The Return of the *Kamaaina*.

Kamaaina (kah-mah-ay-nah)—a child of the land.
Ki or *Ti* or *La-i*—Cordyline terminalis.

Old Waikiki.

Hau—Paritium tiliaceum.

Palapalai.

Palapalai (pah-lah-pah-lye)—a fragrant fern.
Honohono—Commelina nudiflora.

Before the Mynah Came.

Mynah—Acridotheres tristis.
Manienie (mah-nee-a-nee-a)—Capriola dactylon.

In a Summer Cabin.

Koa—Acacia koa.

Christmas Letters. I.

Malihini (mah-lee-hee-nee)—a stranger.

Christmas Letters. II.

Kamaaina (kah-mah-ay-nah)—a child of the land.

Christmas at Naminohana.

Naminohana—Japanese name of a garden meaning "flowering waves."

A Christmas *Lei.*

Lei (lay)—wreath.
Ilima (ee-lee-mah)—Sida spinosa.
Ginger—Zingiber Zerumbet.
Maile (my-leh)—Alyxia olivaeformis.

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